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WHOLE NUMBER 451.

The Interior Journal will
be sent from now till Jan-
uary 1st, 1882, for \$2. to
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The Electoral Vote.

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"The Old Folks at Home"

It is natural for young people to

merry, and, once married, to fly from

the old and build a new one. It

is more likely that those who would

win are wiser and wiser in country

places should fly farther than those

who live in great cities, where, at fur-

thest, a long walk or a five-cent ride

only lies between them.

But who can visit the pleasant

rural spots to which summer heats

drive every citizen who can command

a holiday, without feeling an emotion

of pity for the old folks who linger

on in the homesteads once filled by a

large family, where babies were born

and children played and grew, where

the girls babbled into a knowledge of

the city fashions and a desire to take

lessons on the piano and the boys

whittled at the wood-work and had

pillow fights at midnight, and forgot

to drive home the cows; and where,

despite maternal lectures and paternal

floggings, the opinion secretly ob-

tained that never were such wonder-

ful children born on earth before!

We can see it all as we look at the

old house. How, one day, Silas

Jones saw Kitty home from afternoon

church. How mother was a little

flustered when Kitty first entered

Silas in the parlor all by herself, and

asked father if he remembered their

old courtship days. How Kitty was

married, and Lally, and May, and

Fannie followed her example. How

Jack, having a chance to go into a

wholesale house in New York, went

off one morning, half glad half sor-

ry. How Will took to the sea, and

ran away with a bundle on his shoulder.

How Charlie, the pride of his

parents, studied theology and gradu-

ated, and that the Lytle's fate is un-

known. And they are all gone, scat-

tered over the wide country, coming

home less and less frequently as years

roll on. Now and then there is a vis-

it, but never again will all that

household be together as in the old

days—never again. The younger

ones grow used to it; some, perhaps,

quite forget that they ever cared, but

the old folks sit and wait. The gray

hairs grow grayer. The wrinkles

come into their faces. They look

wistfully at each other across the

empty table. It seems all right.

What could parents wish for, (if only

Will comes back,) asks the mother of

herself, daughters well married; sons

well thought of—rising men, each in

his walk of life. But oh! how lonely

they are! Oh, to have the house full

of children again—of young people

to hope for and plan for! And the

land is so wide, journeys so long and

so expensive! They shake their heads.

"We can't expect them to come

often," says the father.

"And, I suppose," responds the

mother, "that Jack is too busy to

write more than he does."

Ah, they make apologies for you

who grow more careless of them every

year. But I am not writing to them

yet, you, I am, growing busier every

year, forget so often. It is but a

little while, only a little while, re-

member. Don't forget them quite.

Go down to the old place when you

can, write if you must steal hours

from sleep to do it. Show those "old

How to Have Ice Next Summer.

A great many people do without ice

in the summer—though the pond and

streams at their doors furnish an abun-

dant supply every winter—simply be-

cause they imagine that an expensive

household is needed to hold the ice. A

gentleman who once labored under

the same delusion, describes in the

Tribune the experience by which he

was led to store his summer supply of

ice successfully, without an expense

after paying dearly in disappointment

and loss of ice, and loss of money, through

having "too much icehouse." He was

convinced of his error by the circum-

stances that the more pains he took

with his icehouse the more rapidly his

ice melted, while a neighbor who had

no icehouse at all always had plenty

of ice. The practice of the latter was

simply to pile his ice in a square

body under a cow-shed having a

Northern exposure, the first layer of

ice being raised above the ground as

as to secure good drainage, and the

whole covered thickly with sawdust

boards set or end around the ice pile

served to keep the sawdust in place.

The gentleman referred to says: "A

pile of ice six feet high, eight feet

wide, and eight feet long will make

three hundred and eighty-four cubic

feet. And this is enough for the use

of an ordinary family for the table

and to cool the cream, etc. Six teams

loads fill an ice house which contains

about four hundred cubic feet. The

blocks should be cut as smooth as

possible and square, so they will fit

closely, and then ice must be chopped

up fine and crowded in between the

pieces so as to make it a solid mass.

The closer the ice is packed, the

more solid the ice is packed, the bet-

ter it will keep. When no icehouse is

too close, there is a great deal of con-

densation, which makes the whole

contents wet and dripping, and causes

the ice to melt rapidly. The air must

be kept as dry as possible, one secret

of keeping ice being plenty of ventila-

tion. The more ice there is in a pile,

the better it will keep. A small quan-

tity must be covered deeper and thick-

er than a large mass. A large mass

will almost keep itself. It does not

require the protection of sawdust, but

Catching a Burglar.

"Say, my dear," ejaculated Mr. Spoonydyke, sitting bolt upright in bed with a sudden jerk; "say, my dear, wake up! I hear burglars in the house."

"Who? What burglars?" demanded Mrs. Spoonydyke, as she popped up beside her husband. "Who's in the house?"

"Hush! Quiet, will ye? I don't know which burglar, but I hear some one moving around."

"Oh, my! What shall we do?" inquired Mrs. Spoonydyke. "Let's cover up our heads."

"Why don't you get up and light the gas?" rejoined Mr. Spoonydyke in a hoarse whisper. "If you can see who it is in the dark! Strike a light, can't ye? If you had your way we'd both be murdered in bed. Going to light up before we're killed?"

"I'm afraid," whispered Mrs. Spoonydyke, sticking one foot out of bed and handing it in as if she had caught a fish with it.

"Going to light like a shot then, and have our throats cut?" interrogated Mr. Spoonydyke. "How'm I going to find a burglar without a light? Find a match and light that meanly gas, now, quick."

Mrs. Spoonydyke crawled out of bed and hunted around for a skirt.

"What's the matter with you? Can't you find a match? Why don't you move?" hissed Mr. Spoonydyke.

"I am, as fast as I can," replied his wife, her teeth chattering. "I'm looking for a pin."

"Oh! you're moving like a rail road, ain't ye? I never saw anything fly like you do. All you want to be done up in white and blue papers to be a seidlitz powder. What do you want of a pin? Going to stick a pin in the burglar? Why don't you light that gas?"

Mrs. Spoonydyke broke half a dozen matches, and finally got a light.

"That's something like it," continued Mr. Spoonydyke. "Now hand me my pants."

"You won't go down where they are, will you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Spoonydyke, handing over the garment.

Mr. Spoonydyke vouchsafed no reply, but donned the habiliments.

"Now you open the door," said he, "and go to the head of the stairs and ask who's there, while I find my stick. Hurry up, or they'll get away."

"Suppose they are there. What will I do then?"

"Tell 'em I'm coming. Go ask 'em, will ye? What's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Spoonydyke opened the door about an inch, squealed "Who's there?" slammed the door again and popped into bed.

"What ails ye?" demanded her husband. "What d'ye think you're doing? Get up, can't ye, and look out? Where's my big stick? What have you done with it? Sent it to school, haven't ye? Go out and ask who's there, will ye, before they come up and slaughter us."

Once more Mrs. Spoonydyke approached the door and tremulously demanded what was going on. There was no response, to her incalculable relief, and she went to the head of the stairs.

"See anybody?" whispered Mr. Spoonydyke, looking over her shoulder.

"Who's there?" squealed Mrs. Spoonydyke. "Go right away, because my husband is here."

"Oh, you've done it!" exclaimed Mr. Spoonydyke, as he hauled her back into the room. "Now, how d'ye s'pose I'm going to catch 'em? What do you want to scare 'em away for? Think this is a nominating convention? What made you leave the house open? Come on down with me, and I'll show you how to lock up."

Down they went and a careful scrutiny demonstrated that everything was fast.

"I don't believe there was anybody there," said Mrs. Spoonydyke, as they returned to their chamber.

"It wasn't your fault," retorted Mr. Spoonydyke. "If you'd got up when I told you and kept your mouth shut, we'd have got 'em."

"But you said for me—"

"Didn't say anything of the sort!" howled Mr. Spoonydyke—"never mentioned your name. We might have been killed, the way you went to work."

"I think we'd caught them if they'd been there," said Mrs. Spoonydyke, taking down her hair and proceeding to put it up again.

"Oh, you'd caught 'em!" sneered Mr. Spoonydyke. "All you want is some chloride of lime and your accounts short to be a penitentiary. Another time a burglar gets in the house, you stay abed, and don't you wake me up again. I won't have any dodgish woman routing me out this time of night, ye hear!"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Spoonydyke, who would her hand in the collar of her flannel night shirt and went to sleep secure in his protection.

Queer Happenings.

A Bucks county (Pennsylvania) man has just ended a lawsuit of forty-two years' standing, and recovered six cents damages.

There is a young mother in Portland, Oregon, whose age is but 12, weight 85, yet her infant son weighed nine pounds at his birth.

A large hind at Keokuk, Iowa, darted swiftly downward in its flight, and striking a lightning rod, the iron run through its body, and it remained impaled, flapping and struggling until death came.

A woman in Marshall county, Kansas, who is enjoying her fifth husband, had her first two by hanging through vigilance committees, a third was sent to the penitentiary, and the fourth committed suicide.

A Wisconsin cow with a persistent cough that baffled the skill of a veterinary surgeon to cure, and, upon opening her windpipe, to discover the cause of the irritation, there was found in the upper part of the lung a live frog of ordinary size.

Eleven children at four births was the feat of Mrs. Seamus Hickson, of Shamrock, Missouri. First birth, 3; second and third, 2 each, and at the last interesting occasion there were 4, all the latter being alive and doing well. Ten out of the eleven are alive.

In Richmond, Va., an old colored woman has been going to the Depot daily for many years to meet the incoming trains, looking for a letter containing \$25. After the war she did the washing for a soldier, and when he went away he declared that he would return and bring the money and send it in a letter.

An event probably without precedent in railway annals has just happened at Providence. A passenger train leaving Paris at 8:20 P. M., arrived safely at its destination, but on getting down to let the passengers out of the cars, the guard was astounded to find neither passengers nor passenger cars. They had forgotten to look the cars at Paris.

While riding horseback, John Eller, of Alden, Iowa, saw coming from the sky a ball of fire, apparently about the size of a flour barrel. He was paralyzed with fear, and saw the globe strike the head of the animal he rode, when he fainted. Upon coming to his senses he found that the horse was dead, the head of the animal being seared as if by a red-hot iron.

The queerest companions for a man are those of an old man in New Orleans. He has a mania for spiders, and in his room are more than 500 of every shape and color. The ceilings are hidden by the webs that they have spun. Occasionally the old man throws a handful of flies into the webs, and is greatly delighted at seeing the spiders seize their struggling victims.

Anged and wealthy Milwaukee widower found a wife by a queer method. In a coffee grinding mill in Chicago a female packer placed in several bundles of coffee a card saying that any gentleman matrimonially inclined might address her. This widow found the card while preparing his lonely breakfast after a quarrel with his housekeeper, and now the Chicago girl is Mrs. Joe F.

Near the camp of the workmen on the toll road, near Yankee Forks, Nevada, quite a curiosity was recently found. It was a mountain ram's head deeply imbedded in a pine tree, and about six feet from the ground. The right horn is outside, and curls partly around the tree, while the front of the skull and most of the left horn is covered with the growth of wood. The tree is a thrifty pine, fifteen inches or so through. How that ram's head came there will always remain a mystery to scientists.

About midnight, just after the accident in the Consolidated Imperial Mine, Nevada, the wife of Matthew Winnie was found on her way to the works. She said that she had been awakened just before by her husband, who came and mangled her and told her that he had been killed in the mine. She got up, dressed herself and started to ascertain the truth of what she so well convinced was true. There had in reality been a fearful accident; Mr. Winnie was indeed killed, and the trembling woman went back to her children and her desolate home.

As John B. Coyner, a farmer residing near Palestine, Ind., was watering nine cows at a pump trough, recently, they made a stampede down the street as fast as their legs would carry them. The cause of this sudden freak was a mystery to the hired man; it was not long before he was let into what appeared to be the secret of the stampede. Suddenly, although the sky was clear and the atmosphere still, a young cyclone, not over twenty feet in breadth, darted down from the sky, and striking the earth near the pump, twisted off five large beech trees as though they were weeds.

In Lincoln county, Nevada, there is a spring of ice-cold water that bubbles up over a rock and disappears on the other side, and no one has ever been able to find out where the water goes. At another point in the same county is a large spring, about twenty feet square, that is apparently on a sandy bottom. The sand can be plainly seen, but on looking closer it is perceived that this sand is in a per-

Carolina's Street Sisters.

A curious petition was that addressed in 1783 to the Governor of South Carolina by sixteen madonnas of Charleston. It ran thus: "The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten. Whereas, we, the humble petitioners, are not present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our own youthful charms thereby neglected; in consequence of this, our request is that your Excellency will, for the future, order that no widows presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for, or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for revealing our liberties, and likewise a fine to be levied on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids that the widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition upon us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and we hope you will permit no further insults. And we poor maids, in due bound, will ever pray." The farber sixteen would have approved the chief of the Portuguese King, which forbade widows more than fifty years old from remarrying, on the ground that experience taught that widows of that age commonly wedded young men of no property, who dissipated the fortunes such marriages brought them, to the prejudice of children and other relatives.

Safe Keeping of Celery.
From time to time we have printed our mode, and the modes of others, for keeping and blanching celery through the winter. We have entered it carefully in the rows in which it grew, and found it to answer very well, when applied to that which is intended to be first used. We have found it to answer better to take it up and set it in rows close together, leaving only space enough to prevent the plants from touching, and packing the earth firmly around them, leaving only an inch or two of the tops sticking out, then covering either with boards placed so that the water can not penetrate, or with corn stalks thickly bent over and fastened. Brains should be dug around the celery to carry off the water. We have kept it in this way until well blanched. It is well known that stalks of celery stood in spring water under a shed, where not likely to be frozen, will come perfectly white and tender. But it is only a few persons who can have the spring water at hand for this use. We have known celery to be perfectly blanched and preserved by packing the roots in wet earth and keeping them in the cellar. Large boxes were obtained, and a few inches thick of earth placed on the bottom and made as wet as possible. The plants were then packed upright, side by side as close as they could stand, until the boxes were full. The upper leaves were of course exposed, and in attempting to grow a little by the encouragement given in the roots by the wet earth, caused growth enough to blanch the whole. There is an advantage in this over keeping it in the cellar, as many do, where it retains its greenness all winter, and is scarcely fit to eat. But we prefer the outdoor plan, when it is well done. (Germanstown Telegraph.)

THE CANAL AND THE MILLER.
Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller? One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get his nose in his tent. "It's very cold here," said the camel. "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore feet, and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the fourth-putting beast. "If you don't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I've got possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now." Do you know what the camel said? Bad habits, little sins. Guard against the first approach, the most plausible excuse, even the nose of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard. Watch.

In order to preserve sweet potatoes any great length of time cold air must be excluded and the roots be kept perfectly dry. Small quantities for home consumption are frequently kept until the holidays, at the North, by storing in boxes or barrels in alternate layers of leaves or cut straw. Large quantities are usually stored in barrels or shallow boxes, placed in tiered indoors, with spaces of a few inches between for ventilation. Thus arranged, a uniform heat is thus maintained from a fire in the cellar elsewhere. Again, sweet potatoes are stored in a tight, dry cellar, a portion is partitioned off and the sides and bottoms lined with straw. Sometimes regular potato houses are built expressly for their preservation.

Why LACKER IS SO UNLucky.
The latest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of several persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to keep the threads from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the Brussels lace so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes, not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are used; and for a larger width as many as eight hundred.

"Inspired" asks, "Is the Great Eastern the largest vessel ever built?" An impression has got abroad that she is, but such is not the case. The Mayflower, in which the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country, was the largest ship that ever plowed the water. The old furniture scattered over this country, brought over in the Mayflower, would fill the Great Eastern a dozen times or more.

A Galveston woman, just married, wishing to impress her husband with her ability as a housekeeper, howled out to the servant as she entered the door. "Matilda, bring me the washboard. I want to wash the potatoes for dinner."

MARKET.

STANFORD, KY.
The market for grain is quiet. Corn is in demand at 1.10 per bushel. Wheat is in demand at 1.20 per bushel. Oats are in demand at 1.00 per bushel. Hay is in demand at 1.50 per ton. Stock is in demand at 1.00 per head.

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